

by little, the community's economic base is reborn.

Today, there are over 8,378 small businesses that are HUBZone certified, and the Government has procured approximately \$1.7 billion in HUBZone contracting this year. The SBA reports that in fiscal year 2001, each dollar spent on the program yielded a return of \$288 in contract awards and as a result, the program helped to create 12,782 jobs in the U.S., approximately 8,974 of which were located in distressed areas.

Based on fiscal year 2001 procurement statistics, HUBZone firms increased employment 33 percent to 50 percent as a result of contract awards. Nearly 50 percent of HUBZone firms increased capital expenditures as a result of receiving contracts in fiscal year 2001. As our economy struggles during these difficult times, this vital program will continue to bring jobs to our Nation's inner cities, poor rural counties, and Indian reservations.

I urge Congress to support the HUBZone Program in its current form along with the new amendments provided in the Senate's version of the SBA Reauthorization Act of 2003. Any additional changes not supported by the full Senate Committee on Small Business could seriously undermine the original intent of the program.

Thank you for the opportunity to speak today on behalf of the small business community. I encourage my colleagues to support Senator SNOWE and S. 1375, the Small Business Administration 50th Anniversary Reauthorization Act of 2003.

FINDING THE CONNECTION

Mr. VOINOVICH. Mr. President, it has been nearly 2 years since terrorists attacked the United States on September 11, 2001. As our Nation prepares to honor the memory of those who were lost on that tragic day, I would like to submit for the RECORD a piece that I read in yesterday's Cleveland Plain Dealer that was written by Christy Ferer, whose husband, Neil Levin, perished in the World Trade Center. I was deeply moved by her words, which serve to remind us of the reason behind our ongoing efforts to promote the virtues of freedom and democracy as our men and women in uniform remain on the front lines in the fight against terrorism in Iraq, Afghanistan, and other parts of the world. We owe them our deepest gratitude.

I ask unanimous consent the article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Plain Dealer, Sept. 8, 2003]

FINDING THE CONNECTION

(By Christy Ferer)

When I told friends that I was making a pilgrimage to Iraq to thank the U.S. troops, their reactions were underwhelming at best.

Some were blunt: "Why are you going there?"

They couldn't understand why it was important for me, a Sept. 11 widow, to express my support for the men and women stationed today in the Persian Gulf.

The reason seemed clear, as far as I was concerned. I was going not to embrace the war, but to embrace the warriors.

I didn't intend to use the emotional capital generated by my connection to Sept. 11, 2001, to defend the U.S. presence in the Gulf. And I am certainly aware there is no proof yet that Saddam Hussein was linked to those terrorist attacks.

But I wanted to go to Iraq because I am the daughter of a World War II veteran who was decorated with a Purple Heart, and because I am the widow of a man who lost his life in what some feel was the opening salvo of World War III.

I wanted, needed, to honor my father and my husband, their service and sacrifice, by standing before those who were now making sacrifices and serving our country.

But my friends' reactions were so politely negative that I began to doubt my role in the first USO/Tribeca Institute tour into newly occupied Iraq. Besides, with Robert DeNiro, Wayne Newton and Rebecca and John Stamos, who needed me? I'm hardly a celebrity.

Did U.S. soldiers really want to hear about my husband, Neil Levin, who went to work as director of the Port Authority of New York on Sept. 11 and never came home?

How would they relate to the two other bereaved people traveling with me—Ginny Bauer, a N.J. homemaker and mother of three who lost her husband, David, and former Marine Jon Vigiano, who lost his only sons, Jon, a firefighter, and Joe, a policeman?

As we were choppered over the bleached deserts, I wondered if I'd feel like a street hawker, passing out Port Authority pins and baseball caps as I said "Thank you" to the troops. Would a hug from me compare to hugs from a Victoria's Secret model, or the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders?

The first "meet and greet" made me weep. My own daughters are old enough to be soldiers. Here were their peers—18-years-olds, armed with M-16s and saddlebags of water in the 120-degree heat. The soldiers swarmed around the stars for photos and autographs. Then it was announced that a trio of Sept. 11 family members was also in the tent.

It was as if an emotional dam had burst.

Some wanted to touch us, as if they needed a physical connection to our sorrow, and living proof of one reason they were there. One mother of two from Montana told me she'd signed up because of Sept. 11, and dozens of others said the same. One young man showed me his metal bracelet engraved with the name of victim he'd never known and that awful date none of us will ever forget.

At every encounter with the troops, there was a surge of reservists—firefighters and cops, including many who had worked in the rubble of Ground Zero—who had come to exchange a hometown hug. Their glassy eyes still didn't allow anyone to penetrate to the place where their trauma is lodged, the trauma that comes with devastation unimaginable to those who didn't witness it. It's there in me, too. I forced my way downtown on that terrible morning, convinced I could find Neil beneath the rubble.

I was not prepared for the soldiers who showed us the World Trade Center memorabilia they'd carried with them into the streets of Baghdad. Others had been holding in stories of personal Sept. 11 tragedies that had made them enlist.

To those men and women, it didn't seem to matter that Saddam's regime had not produced the murderers of Sept. 11. What they made clear to me was their belief that des-

potic rulers like Saddam fuel the volatile anti-American sentiment that breeds such terrorism: They feel they are in Iraq to stabilize the Gulf region, and thus to protect U.S. soil.

At Saddam Hussein International Airport, where Kid Rock gave an impromptu concert in a steamy hangar, Capt. Jorge Vargas from the Bronx tapped me on the back. He'd enlisted in the Army after some of his wife's best friends were lost at the World Trade Center. When he saw the piece of recovered metal from the Towers that I had been showing to a group of soldiers, he grasped for it as if it were a grail.

Then he handed it to Kid Rock, who passed the precious metal through the 5,000 troops in the audience. They lunged at the opportunity to touch the steel that symbolized what so many of them felt was the purpose of their mission. Looking into that sea of khaki gave me chills, even in the blistering heat.

When I got to the microphone, I told the soldiers we hadn't made the journey to hear condolences, but to thank them and to say that the families of Sept. 11 think of them every day. The crowd interrupted me with chants of "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" Many cried.

What happened next left me with no doubt as to why I had come.

There I was on stage, quaking before thousands of troops because I was to present a small piece of the World Trade Center steel to Gen. Tommy Franks. As I handed him the icy gray block, his eyes welled up.

I was stunned when the proud four-star general was unable to hold back the tears, which streamed down his face as he stood at center stage before his troops. The men and women in khaki fell silent.

And he turned from the spotlight to regain his composure, I put my arms around him and tried to comfort both of us with an embrace.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO CHESTERFIELD SMITH

● Mr. GRAHAM of Florida. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to the memory of an extraordinary Floridian who was also an American treasure—Chesterfield Harvey Smith.

On Wednesday, July 16, 2003, we lost this resounding voice of conscience to cardiopulmonary complications at Doctor's Hospital in Coral Gables, FL. He was 85.

Chesterfield Smith often called himself a "country lawyer," but he was a pillar of this Nation's legal community. After graduating from the University of Florida's law school in 1948, he joined a law firm that he led through mergers and acquisitions to become one of the country's largest, Holland & Knight. He served as president of the Florida Bar Association in 1964, and then became president of the American Bar Association in 1973.

While ABA president, Mr. Smith condemned President Richard Nixon following the firings of an attorney general and others in the so-called "Saturday Night Massacre" during the Watergate scandal. Mr. Smith's comment—"no man is above the law"—has been described as a turning point in public